

The Historie.

Ran fearefully among the trembling reedes,
And hid his crispe head in the hollow banke,
Bloud-stained with these valiant combatants,
Neuer did bare and rotten pollicy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds,
Nor neuer could the noble Mortimer
Receiue so many, and all willingly,
Then let not him be slandered with reuolt.

King. Thou dost bely him Percy, thou dost bely him,

He neuer did encounter with Glendower:

I tel thee, he durst as well haue met the diuell alone,

As Owen Glendower for an enemy.

Art thou not asham'd? but sirrha, henceforth

Let me not heare you speake of Mortimer:

Send me your prisoners with the speediest meanes,

Or you shal heare in such a kind from me

As will displease you. My Lord Northumberland:

We licence your departure with your sonne,

Send vs your prisoners, or you wil heare of it. *Exit King*

Hot. And if the diuel come and rore for them

I wil not send them: I will after straight

And tel him so, for I will ease my hart,

Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

Nor. What? dronk with choler, stay, & pause a while,

Here comes your vncl. *Enter Wor.*

Hot. Speake of Mortimer?

Zounds I will speake of him, and let my soule

Want mercy if I do not ioine with him:

Yea on his part, ile empty all these vaines,

And shed my deere bloud, drop by drop in the dust,

But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer

As high in the aire as this vnthankfull king,

As this ingrate and cankerd Bullingbrooke.

Nor. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

Wor. Who strooke this heat vp after I was gone?

Hot. He wil forsooth haue all my prisoners,

And when I vrg'd the ranfome once againe

Of my wiues brother, then his cheeke lookt pale,

And

of Henrie the fourth.

And on my face he turn'd an eie of death,
Trembling euen at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him, was not he proclaim'd
By Richard that dead is, the next of bloud?

North. He was, I heard the proclamation:

And then it was, when the vnhappy king,

(Whose wrongs in vs God pardon) did set forth

Vpon his Irish expedition;

From whence he intercepted, did returne

To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the worlds wide mouth

Liue scandaliz'd and foully spoken of.

Hot. But soft, I pray you did king Richard then

Proclaime my brother Edmund Mortimer

Heire to the crowne?

North. He did, my selfe did heare it.

Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his coosen king,

That wisht him on the barren mountaines starue,

But shal it be that you that set the crowne

Vpon the head of this forgetful man,

And for his sake weare the detested blot

Of murthers subornation? shal it be

That you a world of curses vndergo,

Being the agents, or base second meanes,

The cordes, the ladder, or the hangman rather,

O pardon me that I descend so low,

To shew the line and the predicament,

Wherein you range vnder this subtil king!

Shall it for shame be spoken in these daies,

Or fil vp Chronicles in time to come,

That men of your nobility and power

Did gage them both in an vniust behalfe,

(As both of you God pardon it, haue done)

To put down Richard, that sweet louely Rose,

And plant this thorne, this canker Bullingbrooke?

And shal it in more shame be further spoken,

That you are foold, discarded, and shooke off

By him, for whom these shames ye vnderwent?

No,